

A
COLLECTION
OF
ODES, SONGS, AND EPIGRAMS,
AGAINST

THE WHIGS,
—
ALIAS

The Blue and Buff;

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED,

Mr. HEWERDINE's Political Songs.

They've these and many gemmen more, all ready at
a spurt,

With coat and waistcoat *Buff* and *Blue*, they never
mind a *shirt*.

WHIG BEGGARS.

L O N D O N :

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OPPOSITE THE STATUE.

M.DCC.XC.



INTRODUCTION.

THE subsequent Collection certainly contains strong and pointed facts against those POLITICAL IMPOSTORS, *self-denominated* "WHIGS." Men whose character and conduct have so repeatedly, so justly roused the indignation and resentment of an enlightened, generous, and free People. History tells us, it was part of the office of the PUBLIC CENSOR at ROME to weed the Senate, and degrade its unworthy members; for it was neither thought safe or honorable, that men of *no estate*, of *infamous morals*, and *notoriously bad character*, should act and vote amongst Magistrates and Lawgivers. Such was the wise precaution, and the salutary application of it among the Romans. A PUBLIC CENSOR in these times, though a *stranger* to our Constitution, would meet with a hearty welcome from its sincerest and best friends; his services might, in the course of the present Ses-

sion, have been seasonably exerted in the cause of *moral truth* and *political consistency*—for it would have been in the highest degree criminal in such authority to have been inactive. When CHARLES FOX was declaiming in the House of Commons for the *religious* and *civil* rights of Dissenters!—When EDMUND BURKE, in a *paroxysm of Loyalty* “*Hurled the King from the Throne, and reduced him to the situation of the meanest peasant in the land!*”—When the same worthy Patriot, after a short lapse of time, *howled* in a fit of affection, for the fate of the KING of FRANCE! When BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, acting the part of PUFF in the Critic, *seriously* assured the House of Commons, to delude his listening clients, the Tobacconists, That the history of his life, from Harrow school to the Cabinet confidence of Carleton House, had been in a series of actions illustrative of the purest system of Ethics that the virtue of the human mind could devise: The DUKE of PORTLAND believed this declaration to be a sign of *honest confidence*, arising from a conviction of innocence, and a contempt of calumny :

“*Nam cum magna male superest audacia causa*

“*Creditur a multis fiducia.*”——

The NOBLE DUKE may console himself in not being singular in his opinion. There are other DUKES who conceive the declaration of honest Sherry, as it is understood by his Grace of Portland.

It would be out of place here to pursue the Whigs further. In the compositions that follow, they are delineated with all the respect their moral merit and political conduct can claim. The opinion of a great majority of the people of England is, that the prospect of Whigs attaining place and power, will be realized when Englishmen shall be insensible of *private worth*; when their zeal for Mr. Pitt, the author of their commercial prosperity, shall abate; and, above all, when their loyalty to the best of Kings shall be diminished.



COLLECTION

OF

ODES, SONGS, EPIGRAMS, &c. &c.

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

WHEN LIBERTY, serenely bright,
Her beams resplendent darted
O'er this fam'd land, the sacred light
Its genial pow'r imparted;
Then thickest clouds that veil'd her rays
By LIBERTY were driven,
And Britons saw in WILLIAM blaze
The patriot flame from heaven!

CHORUS.

Britons! revere, with hearts elate,
The glorious Revolution,
That firmly fix'd, in church and state,
Your heaven-born CONSTITUTION!

Fair

Fair Freedom's temple tyrant JAMES
 With scepter'd sway invaded,
 And Conscience, with *her honest* claims,
 He scouted and degraded;
 But Freedom rous'd, her legions led,
 And WILLIAM MONARCH seated;
 Then Superstition hid her head,
 And FACTION was defeated.

Chorus.—Britons! revere, &c.

On Fame's unfading record stand,
 Immortal made by story,
 Illustrious worthies of our land,
 Proud Martyrs to its glory;
 They bravely fought against all laws
 That dare fair Freedom fetter,
 The Constitution was their cause,
 The SPIRIT and the LETTER!

Chorus.—Britons! revere, &c.

Could ATHENS, GREECE, or ROME, so stand—
 Can one surviving nation
 A COMPACT boast, so wisely fram'd,
 For FREEDOM's preservation?
 Ah no! but BRITONS, brave as free,
 Wou'd all rejoice to find, Sir,
 Their own dear rights of Liberty
 Secur'd to ALL MANKIND, Sir.

Chorus.—Britons! revere, &c.

Though Cromwell's crew assume a name
 To shelter *deep intention*,
 Their principles to public fame
 Have still the same pretension

Of,



To *Brookes's* be their tales consign'd
 Of "TORIES, WHIGS, and ROUND HEADS;"
 Their state is *rotten*, for we find
 But few good hearts and sound heads.

Chorus.—Britons! revere, &c.

These Whigs, we know them to a man,
 Fair Freedom ne'er won'd barter;
 Nor for the wealth of Indostan,
 Wou'd violate a charter;
 So *Magna Charta*, Runymede,
 They're running thro' the nation,
 And in distress for pillars plead,
 To prop their reputation.

Chorus.—Britons! revere, &c.

When loyal hearts, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
 Beheld their King afflicted;
 These worthy Whig-men well we know
 By joy were grief-restricted;
 And when the cheering change declar'd
 The malady departed,
 Lost Whigs at one another star'd,
 Their hopes died broken-hearted.

Chorus.—Britons! revere, &c.

The system of our club shall be
 To guard what we inherit,
 The sacred mansion, LIBERTY!
 With firmness, strength and spirit!
 And let Whig black-leg Patriots know,
 Who 'gainst our rights contend, Sir,
 That they are Freedom's fatal foe,
 Who're not our Sovereign's friend, Sir.—

Chorus.—Britons! revere, &c.

In fifteen hundred eighty-eight,
 Th' Armada was defeated,
 In sixteen hundred eighty-eight
 Our freedom was completed,
 In seventeen hundred eighty-eight
 PITT's wise administration
 Peace, Plenty, Splendour, Wealth and *Wagb*,
 Diffus'd throughout the Nation!

Chorus.—Britons! revere, &c.

THE WHIG BEGGARS.

I SING of *furdy* Beggars, *mock* Patriots, and
sham Whigs,
 Who go to Clubs, know all the *rubs*, are up to all
 the *rigs*.

And a begging let Whigs go, &c.

The Captain of the *Gang* is Fox, the old defaulter's
 son,
 By God, there's not a fault on earth—his Honour
 has not done.

The tenets CATILINE maintains, he values not a fig;
 For if a Tory he cou'd reign, he'd cease to be a Whig!

What cunning *can* that head contain? what wildom
 marks the look?

Of PORTLAND'S DUKE the *puppet*, and the *pigeon* of
 each *rook*.

This

This boasted *will* of Virtue is the *vicer* to conceal,
 Whilst *black-leg* Whigs, at *Faro*, *game* for the public

Behold the *fry* of RUSSEL's race, a *rich* and dainty
dish,
 For *hungry* Sharks of Buff and Blue, (such *gudgeons*
 are the fish.

See SABLE SURRY's veins brimful of good old Ho-
 ward's blood,
 And when these *leeches* suck it out, *red port* can
 make it good.

And there's the House of Cavendish, a *necessary*
group.

As rich as *Craesus* ev'ry one, and ev'ry one a *duper*

And there's LORD DOLLY DERBY too, who fumbles
Farren fair,

LORD DOLLY means to wed the Maid, that she
 may get an Heir.

There's *brave* BURGOWNE the General, who never
ran away,

Because the Foe surrounded him, and *begg'd* that he
would stay.

There's *Powel* BURKE the orator, and *mouth-piece* of
 the gang,

He'll *tip* you touches of *sublime*—you never heard
 such *flang*.

And there is *Surface* SHERIDAN—How lives he?
 Why 'tis plain!

By *duping* Dukes and Dutcheffes—and *shaves* in
 Drury-lane!

There's

There's *valiant* MAJOR MOUNTERBANK, that *Mar-*
shal Saxe in war!

Who *beats* his own Black, at a *blast*—Mendoza at
a *spar*.

What *glorious* revolutions there will be in Church and
State,

When CHARLEY mounts the Diadem—the Mitre
PARSON BATE.

All these, and many *Gemmin* more, they've ready
at a *spurt*,

With *Coat* and *Waistcoat* Buff and Blue—they never
mind a *sbirt*.

But thanks to *honest* Statesmen, who keep such
Strugglers down,

For if again they get to Court, by God they'll *mill*
the *Crown*.

And a begging let Whigs go, &c.

THE IRISH DELEGATES.

GOOD people, my Ballad's a sad lamentation ;

I feel more by half than my *mind* can *express* ;

I am *one* of *five* more that left Ireland's *dear* nation,

To carry *our* *Regent* a loyal *Address*.

Pigmy GRATTAN, you see, said the PRINCE was in
Clover,

That his FATHER was sick, and would *fortainly*
die ;

But by *Jasus* he's well, and the *Regency's* over,

So, Pensioner GRATTAN, your tale's all my eye !

At

At *London*, they call'd us a parcel of Paddies,
For voting the PRINCE what was *none of his*
own;

Here we find all his *Rights*, are not *his*, but his
DADDY'S,

And his best way to *use 'em's*, to *let them alone*.
We pitied the case, and now make this confession,
Should *Saint Patrick* *plase* the KING'S pow'r to
recall,

The way to *secure* all his rightful possession,

Would be *for* to make a *transfer* of it all.

To be sure, now we seem like a set of sad Sinners—
Are baited like *over-drove Bulls* thro' ache street;
'*Cafe* we're fond of hard drinking, they ask us to
Dinners,

And *cram us* with more than our *stomachs* can ate.
And it is *Paddy GRATTAN'S* curs'd false Divination
Has brought down disgrace upon Ireland's dear
Land :

We're the *Bulls* and the *Gulls* of his *damn'd Bothers-*
ation,

To make all the mischief *this Pensioner* *plann'd*.

When we *look back* and see the sad *Prospect* before Us,

By *Patrick* it make our *Hearts* bleed to the *Shoul*;

'Tis swearing and roaring, and wailing in Chorus,

And *BURKE* *diapasons* the whole with an howl.

Poor Creature, they say he can't sleep on his pillow,

But day and night foams like a turbulent Sea ;

Our Harps too we've hung on the branch of a
Willow,

And ourselves *mane* to hang on the Trunk of the
Tree.

There's COURTNEY, who us'd to be singing and
jeering,

Has let all his jests from *Joe Miller* alone;
POOR BRINSLEY gives over his flouting and sneering,
'Tis all up with FOX, and FITZPATRICK's a
Drone.

Their Wit and their Humour are now in the wane,
Sir,

For "*God save the King*," is the cry through the
Land,

Whilst PITT and his Friends are as *brisk* as Cham-
paigne, Sir,

Because BY THE KING AND THE PEOPLE THEY
STAND.

So a string of stout Members we're come o'er the
Water,

'*Cafe Members* from Ireland have long been in
vogue;

Each Wife, each nate Widow, and delicate Daugh-
ter,

Esteems *Paddy Wack* for the sake of his Brogue:
Then what's all this Bother 'bout *Bulls* that ye
bore us,

That's painted in *Prints*, and in *Newspapers* full;
Sure like *Irish Delegates* sent o'er before us,
Our *Tale* is no more than a Cock and a Bull.

HAMPSHIRE

HAMPSHIRE.

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

WHEN Boreas had brought down Distress on
our Land,
By Measures, Corruption, and Wickedness plann'd,
This County conven'd, and in Freedom array'd,
Swore the CAUSE of brave Britons was basely be-
tray'd.

Sing Tantararara Rogues all.

Then Fox was a *Mastiff*, a *Badger* LORD NORTH
Who from snug Holes and Corners was soon bad-
ger'd forth;
But when out—*Dog* and *Badger*, Political Scrubs,
Lick'd clean one another as *Bears* do their Cubs.

These are WHIGS—now attend to the Good they
have done,
They deserted a *Father* to favour a *Son*;
And to Liberty hostile—attempt to o'erthrow
PITT, the *Boast* of Britannia, the *Dread* of her
Foe.

With Gratitude fraught, *Independance* was rous'd,
THIS CLUB the great Cause, "King and People"
espous'd;
Phoenix like, from the Ashes of Old Whigs it rose,
And resolv'd is to triumph o'er Freedom's worst
Foes.

Now *Russell* obtrudes, and commands all your
 Votes,
Russell, whom Whigs want to cram down your
 Throats;
 But so good is the Cause, and so *Noble* the Choice,
 That Worth, Wealth, and Freedom give *HEATH-*
COTE their Voice.

In the Veins of this stupid degenerate Race,
 Not a Drop of the Blood of *Old Russell* we trace;
 Bubbles, they boast of a Title, a Name—
 But Freedom denies they inherit her Flame.

Then why is the Blood of *Old Russell* no more?
 And where was exhausted the *Patriot* Store?
 "It was spilt on the Turf," as Historians say,
 When *OLD BEDFORD* got horse-whipp'd, and gal-
 lop'd away.

Then shou'd *Russel*, *his Cub*, lead us on to the
 Chace,
 From Cover to Cover well scented we'll trace;
 Tally O! *HONEST HEATHCOTE* the Victim will
 crush,
 Be in at his Death, and then cut off his Brush.
Sing Tantararara Rogues all.

S O N G.

YE Hampshire Lads, whose honest Hearts,
 Cou'd never brook controlling;
 Who spurn alike at Faction's Arts,
 And titled Knaves cajoling;

To

To Rights your Fathers sacred held,

'Tis yours to give Protection;

Nor be by Bribes induc'd to yield

The Freedom of Election.

To guard that Right,

We'll now unite,

And HEATHCOTE'S Star shall guide us:

No Prince shall awe,

No Duke give Law,

No *Baby* Lord shall ride us.

When *Carleton House* its Mandates sends,

Let *sapient St. John* heed 'em;

Thank Heav'n no Regent now impeads

O'er Britain's Land of Freedom.

Our Sov'reign's Rights we'll still support,

And still regard our own, Sir;

Nor e'er to *Absalom* pay Court,

While *David* fills the Throne, Sir.

Let Faction's Tools

Teach other Rules,

Their Maxims ne'er shall guide us;

No Prince shall awe,

No Peer give Law,

No *Baby* Lordling ride us.

The House of Russell long ago

To Freedom's Sons was dear, Sir:

Below the *Bedford Level* now

Is sunk the *Bedford Peer*, Sir.

In him no Patriot Sires we trace;

'Tis the Object of his Soul, Sir,

To start a Courser for the Race,

A *Brother* for the Poll, Sir.

For Hampshire's Prize,
 In vain he tries,
 To make Lord John bestride us:
 No *Prince* shall awe,
 No *Duke* give Law,
 No *Stranger Lordling* ride us.

With principles, at Brookes's taught,
 That best of Patriot Schools, Sir;
 With *Poulter's* pious Lessons fraught,
 And *Holmer's* Moral Rules, Sir,
 This pliant Youth shall learn to stoop
 To serve his private Views, Sir;
 And those his Cunning cannot dupe
 His Party shall abuse, Sir.
 From such base Wights
 We'll guard our Rights,
 Their Maxims ne'er shall guide us, &c.

To public Trust, on different Ground,
 Shall HEATHCOTE rest his Claim, Sir,
 His Views no venal objects bound,
 Nor Faction taints his Name, Sir;
 No busy Tool of Party Zeal,
 He heeds no *Prince's* Frown, Sir;
 And whilst he guards the Public Weal,
 He largely stakes his own, Sir.
 To such a Knight,
 Our Troth we'll plight,
 No Strangers shall divide us, &c.

THE JOVIAL CREW
OF
DISAPPOINTED BEGGARS

A New Song.

Sung by the *Champions of Liberty.*

I SING of some Beggars as noble,
As ever were foil'd at a Rush;
They had done all the business and trouble,
And happy now at Beggar's Bush.
Fal de ral, &c.

One PORTLAND, the head of the Party,
They say wants not honour or pence,
But if he has aught for to beg,
It is only a little more sense.

One Alderman NORFOLK is next, Sir,
A mendicant fure of Renown,
He has lately been begging at Gloucester,
And there was whipt out of the Town.

And there's the great Duke Piccadilly,
Who begs not for pension or place,
But, at the ensuing election,
He begs you won't fumble Her Grace.

See the Man of the People's Petition,
Who now leads that blind Beggar NORTH,
To think of the curs'd Coalition—
Oh damn it, that beggar'd them both.

There's

There's SHERRY, a very good poet,
 Who aloud in St. Stephen's doth bawl,
 He's not only a beggar himself, Sir,
 But he's beggar'd his Creditors all.

And Orator BURKE, the fine speaker,
 Who has oft set asleep the whole house,
 But now his fine speeches they value
 No more than "*three skips of a louse.*"

Now this is a truth we acknowledge,
 They well may rejoice at our fall,
 For, if we had got into Office,
 By G-d we'd have beggar'd them all.

L O R D J A C K.

G O prattle to blockheads and fools, do you see,
 Of honour and truth, and the like,
 A pouch full of scandal and rhime give me,
 And 'ti'n't to a little I'll strike.
 Tho' HEATHCOTE, with freedom and worth on his
 side,
 May look on my efforts with scorn,
 May look on my efforts with scorn,
 I'll try the same arts that my Grandfire oft' tried,
 Before I or Lord Billy were born.
 Though HAMPSHIRE myself and my friends may
 despise,
 Their threats ne'er shall keep me whack,
 For those bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,
 For those bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,
 Will strengthen the cause of LORD JACK.

Though

Though PITT and his friends may harangue all the
day,

Of freedom, and virtue, and such;

For my part I never regard what they say,

'Tis all one to me as High Dutch;

They may talk till they're hoarse, I will ne'er give
my Vote,

Without orders that come from below,

Without orders that come from below,

To the PRINCE and CHARLES FOX I my conscience
devote,

And SHERRI shall take it in tow.

All shame and all decency still I'll despise,

Nor by modesty e'er be kept back,

For the bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,

For the bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,

Shall strengthen the cause of LORD JACK.

Says old GERTRUDE, "Dear Jacky, consider your
youth,

Dull silence will ne'er be a plea;

I quake for to think how the Freemen, in truth,

Will expect words and wisdom from thee."

O Grannum, ne'er fear, for there's room in the
House,

Both for wise men and blockheads to boot,

Both for wise men and blockheads to boot,

Though my brains are not worth BURKE's "Three
Skips of a Louse,"

My head is well furnished without;

Though the Freemen of Hampshire a Lordling de-
spise,

Their

Their scoffs shall ne'er keep me aback,
 For the little bright Guineas my Brother supplies,
 For the little bright Guineas my Brother supplies,
 Shall strengthen the cause of LORD JACK.

No scruple of conscience I ever will know,
 But follow the faction I've join'd,
 And since to the DEVIL that faction must go,
 By Jove I will not stay behind.
 As for honour and virtue, and all those fine names,
 With them I have quarrell'd long since;
 With them I have quarrell'd long since;
 On my sense, if I'd any, my Party have claims,
 And my conscience I've sold to the PRINCE.
 But my threats and my bribes should free HAMPS-
 SHIRE despise,
 I laughing will shew them my back;
 For the bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,
 For the bright little Guineas my Brother supplies,
 Will buy a snug seat for LORD JACK.

CHOICE SPIRITS

AT THE

S H A K E S P E A R E.

TUNE—"When all the Attic Fire," &c.

WHEN all th' Election Hopes were fled,
 And Hacks and Runners gone to bed,

The

The *Club* was left alone;
 Each look'd dismay, a groan went round—
 The *Garden* trembled at the sound,
 And echo'd groan for groan!
 To chase the Horrors of the Night
 Fox took the Chair on *TOWNSHEND's* right,
 And ev'ry face was cheer'd;
 Yet all his powers of speech were vain—
 Ruin, with bailiffs in her train,
 In various shapes appear'd—
DERBY forgot his wonted glee,
SURFACE was wrapped in reverie,
 And *HANGER* swore a peal!
GARROW was mute, *Sir JEMMY* sigh'd,
 When *COCKER* op'd the portal wide,
 And shew'd the—*BEDFORD*—Seal!
 Reprieve!—Reprieve!—*Lord RUSSELL* cries,
 My *BROTHER* sends us the supplies:
 In truth a goodly sum—
Pay to the Bearer on Demand—
 Read this, my friend, and bless the hand
 From whence such bounties come.
BEDFORD's the toast, the chairman cry'd—
BEDFORD! each *Blue* and *Buff* reply'd,
 Roar till your heart-strings crack:
 Now let the night with mirth be crown'd;
 Our late despair in song be drown'd—
 Begin, my good *LORD JACK*.

T O W N S H E N D.

I've kiss'd and I've prattled with many a maid,
 And widows and wives have deceiv'd;
 But by G——, I'm determin'd to leave off the
 trade,

For my character must be retriev'd.

But by, &c.

There's HOOD is respected wherever he goes,
 For he fought, and he conquer'd at sea;
 While I—— but I tell it ye under the Rose—
 Have no merit—by my *Pedigree*.

Whilst I, &c.

MR. S H E R I D A N.

A pox o' your preaching about this or that,
 Indeed, my Lord JACK, you're become a d—d flat—
 BEDFORD sends us the needful, we'll touch up the
 Poll;

Then what's in HOOD's merit, but—Rol de rol lol?

Look at CHARLES and myself, from the hour we
 were born,

We've laugh'd all Religion and Virtue to scorn;
 Believe me, that outward Professions are all,
 And Honesty nothing, but—Tol de rol lol.

MR. FOX—TUNE, *Vicar of Bray*.

In mine and GEORGE's early days,

I wore a courteous garment;

I follow'd NORTH in all his ways,

And so obtain'd Preferment.

A Levee-

A Levee-day I seldom mis'd,
 No question disappointed;
 And, when the Royal Hand I kiss'd,
 I hail'd the Lord's anointed.

The Principles I then maintain'd,
 I valu'd not a Fig, Sir;
 'Twas all the same to me who reign'd,
 A Tory or a Whig, Sir.

When NORTH my craving suits refus'd,
 And I was almost starv'd;
 Prerogative I then abus'd,
 And from allegiance swerv'd:
 To reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven,
 I deem'd the better plan, Sir;
 So I rebell'd—from Court was driven,
 And turn'd the People's Man, Sir.

The Principles I *now* maintain
 I value not a Fig, Sir;
 And when a Tory I can reign,
 I'll cease to be a Whig, Sir.

(Interrupted by *Col. Hanger.*)

Let us take the road—
 Hark, I hear the found of coaches,
 HOOD's line our line approaches;
 An attack's better now than an Ode:
 See the switch I hold—
 D—n my heart, but 'tis harder than brass—
 B—t me blind, but 'twill guard ev'ry pass—
 D—n my limbs, but 'twas *better than gold.*

Delicate A D A I R.

Lord have mercy, how he swears !
He makes my hair all stand on end.

Col. STANHOPE.

Four-and-twenty Voters all on a row,
Four-and-twenty Voters all on a row,
Whom do they poll for?—All for Hood !
Knock them down—D—n their blood ;
Now they rise—now they fall,
Dash their brains against the wall ;
And may the Devil take them all,

And this is fiddle faddle, and fine fiddle faddle,
Perhaps there'll be the Devil to pay ;
But we can swear it all away,
Come hither and be merry.

MR. BURKE—A Pindaric Ode.

F I L L high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;
Awake th' Olympic string,
My fancy's on the wing,
Bring me the Bill of Fare—
And thro' the fields of rapture cut its way ;
Now can I nobly think, and nobly dare,
Can eat a Crocodile or Arctic Bear ;
Now, honest Bribery, we'll prove thy sway :
Russell—'Twas bravely done,
Townsbend—To-morrow's fun

Makes

Makes Covent-Garden an Arcadia!
No more shall thirst and famine scowl;

'Tis vain grimace;

For *Bedford's* Grace

Greets us, and gives us wherewithal to pay.

Raise high the *Note*,

Bank-Bill, or Draft—and hallow'd be the sign,

True type of *Russell's* long Illustrious Line;

In ev'ry Character a *Vote*;

No Treasury Bird can now with *Bedford's* Eagle
vie:

No! grovelling things,

I've clipt their wings

With Scissars of CEconomy—

E'en the state *Icarus*, with pennons waxey,

Shall never reach the bright Galaxy,

But soon

Fall from his tow'ring height, like a discharg'd
Balloon.

Not so our Candidate should fall,

Fix'd on a rock, like *Calpe* high,

He, Fane of public Virtue, stands.

A CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

TUNE—*We Three be poor Mariners.*

Was then sung by

*Admiral PIGOT, Captain BENTINCK, and
Boatswain SWAILE.*

*After this Sir J. Erskine began a Song of Fifty
Stanzas; but before he had sung the Fifth, the other
Members of the Club were all as fast as Watchmen;
and at Five o'Clock Mr. Campbell (the Master of the
House) found Sir James singing the following conclud-
ing Verse of the Song:*

Now all ye Voters that have votes,
And eke you that have none,
If you will take two guinea notes,
I'll give each of you one.

FOX'S DINNER.

Tune—*The Vicar and Moses.*

AT the Anchor and Crown,
Of noisy renown,
A mob of the ragged and rough;
All birds of a feather
Assembled together,
They call'd 'em the Squad Blue and Buff,
Fal de ral.
And

And sure such a clan
 In the mem'ry of man,
 As I am a song-singing sinner;
 So shireless a rout,
 With their elbows all out,
 E'er met—so to torture a dinner.

Fal de ral.

The *very few* dishes
 Of meat, fowl, and fishes,
 Were gone in the wink of an eye;
 And then round the table,
 Like builders of Babel,
 Cheese and bread—bread and cheese was the cry!

Fal de ral.

The dinner gone out,
 The beer flew about,
 And was toasted away in a crack;
 Full of Blue and Buff wit—

“ Damnation to *Pitt*!”

Success to the whores and Lord *Jack*!

Fal de ral.

At the head of the gang
 Sat *Charley* the slang,
 His coat and he form'd coalition,
 The very same day,
 As I have heard say,
 That *North* and he met in cohesion.

Fal de ral.

His beard was as black
 As a chimney-sweep's sack,

For he swore by deuce-ace not to shave it ;
 'Till *Hood* was turn'd out,
 By the *Cavendish* rout,
 When *Pitt* or the devil might have it.
 Fal de ral.

Then *Charley* he spoke—
 Sirs, 'tis seven o'clock,
 Besides we have got no more drink ;
 We must go with dry throats,
 To make some more votes,
 Unless you come down the whip chink.
 Fal de ral.

But that we all know,
 The squad could not do,
 And so they went hungry away ;
 As hungry they came,
 And this is the fame,
 Of Saturday's glorious day !
 Fal de ral.

CARLO KHAN—*The* TORY.*A New Song.*TUNE—" *The Vicar of Bray.*"

YE Britons all, attend my tale,

And join my lamentation !

In strains of heart-felt grief bewail

Your hopeless situation !

Deserted by the man whom still

You thought your great defender,

And open left—a prey at will

To POP'RY and PRETENDER.

C H O R U S.

For fare a change, so wond'rous strange,

Can scarce be match'd in story,

That CARLO KHAN *, " the People's Man,"

Should turn an arrant Tory.

When BOREAS † sway'd the Helm of State,

He always was complaining ;

For ever foaming in Debate,

And Ministers arraigning :

The graspers of unlawful pelf,

He thunder'd out their doom, Sir ;—

" *Afraid to trust his spotless self*" *With Boreas in a Room, Sir.*"

* A Title given to Mr. F—on the miscarriage of his
India Bill, in some productions of that time.

—————" *Illustrious Carlo Khan,*

" *The Prince's Prince,—the People's Man.*"

† L—d N—h.

But

But when the happy time came round,
 That party feuds should end, Sir,
 They join'd—and loud encomiums crown'd
 Each "*Honourable Friend*," Sir,
 To boast the Friendship held so dear,
 Was never known to fail, Sir,—
 But, like a Male and Female Bear,
 They lick'd each other's tail, Sir.

When Indian jewels charm'd their fight,—
 To make the prize their own, Sir,
 They bravely traml'd on the Right
 Of Kingdom and of Crown, Sir,
 The charter'd claims of Britons, then,
 Were "only wax and paper,"—
 A puff,—the Sense of Englishmen,—
 And Public Faith—a vapour.

Then PITT was call'd to Government,
 At GEORGE's wife command, Sir;
 By Heav'n in tender mercy sent
 To save a sinking land, Sir.
 Then CARLO turn'd "*the People's Friend*,"
 And bawl'd against Taxation:
 Himself alone had skill to mend,
 And tinker up the Nation.

See him, in hopes of glorious sport,
 From Italy come flying *;
 Like FALSTAFF tumbling up to Court,
 When HAL *the Fourth* was dying †:

* *At the beginning of his Majesty's illness.*

† *See Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth.*

See him renounce his former vow,
 His former tenets vary ;
 A Jacobite he stickles now
 For *Right Hereditary*.

Is this the man that blew so loud
 The trumpet of sedition ;
 Who still harangu'd the gaping crowd
 Against their KING's *ambition* ?
 The slave of pow'r, behold him shine,
 And quickly change his song, Sir,
 And boldly plead the *Right Divine*
 Of Princes—to do wrong, Sir !

C H O R U S.

O tell it not in Askelon !
 Let not Philistia * glory,
 That CARLO KHAN, "the People's Man,"
 Is turn'd an arrant Tory !

Since CARLO's patriotic date
 Has fairly made its end, Sir,
 We'll drink the man who in each state
 Has *prov'd* himself our friend, Sir :—
 May PITT—our great deliv'rer's days,
 Be happy, glorious, long, Sir,
 And may he merit future praise,
 Who yet has ne'er been wrong, Sir,

* *France.*

PLASTERS *for the* DELEGATES.

" Why then, I claps a hot Trencher to the Part."

Dr. LAST's Examination.

B L O O D and oons ! what a pretty Mistake have we made !

*What ever 's fail'd, as our Irish vagary ?
You may say what you will (not that I am afraid),
But I never before was in such a Quandary !*

C H O R U S.

*Have a boo, have a boo, whilst we were able,
Have a boo, have a boo, my heart 'gins to fail :
'Sblood ! I see how we're hooted and hiss'd by the
Rabble,
Like a Dog with a Canister ty'd to his Tail.*

*The great Irish Staple, be sure, is a Blunder—
But of all we e'er made, this exceeds them by far ;
Joe Miller or Court'ney might sure stare with won-
der,
And commit all their Jokes to the Delegates'
care.*

Have a boo, &c.

*Our Dear Shouls, as they fit 'cross the Poles of their
Chairs,
Don't rise from their seats to salute as we pass ;
Expecting to see us, like Bulls led in pairs—
But by Jafus they say, that acbe Bull is an—Afs !
Have a boo, &c.*

Why

Why the Devil can't they as well mind their own
business,

What is it to them, if we're *Asses*, or what?
To be sure we came o'er to present an *Address*—
And present it we would, whether *Regent* or not.

Have a boo, &c.

Some damn'd silly fellow just hinted his mind,
To save us *disgrace*, from a national blunder,
That instead of a *Regent*, a *King* we might find,
Who fruitless would make all our rare schemes for
plunder?

Have a boo, &c.

" Oh, boo !" cried we out—Before we get there,
To be sure *Fox* and *Sherry* will settle the matter;
We must find the *Prince Regent*—at least never fear,
If not on the other—on this side the water.

Have a boo, &c.

I wish, like *Sbrewd Shannon*, myself I could *Habe*,
And so be on both sides the water at once !
Send my *Proxy* to *Pitt*, as a wholesome lip-salve,
And give him with us—a d—d rap on the scone

Have a boo, &c.

The joke, d'ye see, how we all should delight in,
When *Billy* parades with this vote all about :
That *Shannon* should choose such a new mode of fight-
ing,

And vote a man in, while—he's voting him out

Have a boo, &c.

*This Trick, that Rogue Shannon so cleverly plays,
 A Match for all Piar's Tricks on us, will be found :
 Tho'—I wish he escapes the old Proverb, which says,
 'Tween two fools, an' your Honour may come to the
 Ground.*

Have a boo, have a boo, whilst we were able,
 Have a boo, have a boo, my heart 'gins to fail :
 'Sblood! see how we are hooted and hiss'd by the
Rabble,
 Like a Dog with a Canister ty'd to his Tail.

THE BISHOPS' ALARMS.

A new Song to the Tune of "Derry down."

IF once the DISSENTERS could get in the Church
 We Bishops and Pastors they'd leave in the lurch ;
 To our surplice and robes they would make no ob-
 jection,

But would gladly embrace the *Sanctorum's* protection.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Our gowns of rich silk, and our sleeves of fine lawn,
 Would over their backs and their shoulders be
 drawn,

In our *coaches* they'd ride, and put us on their
nags,

They would take our *whole* garments, and give us
 their *rags.*

Derry down, &c.

Our

Our Liturgy then would be turn'd topsy-turvy,
 And treated like one that was plagu'd with the
 Such cleansing and purging the Church would
 It is much to be fear'd she would die in the cure.

Derry down, &c.

The doctrines decreed at the Council of Nice
 Would then be subverted by *Priests* and *Priests*;
 For our creeds and our forms would be found so fal-
 They wou'd all be turned out with good St. *Alba-*
nasius.

Derry down, &c.

Ye Lords and ye Commons, withhold your consent
 To aid these encroachers and give them content;
 Exert all your labours to keep the said TEST,
 And let not such shepherds our sheepfolds infest.

Derry down, &c.

O strengthen your forces to guard this our land,
 Who knows what disasters may now be at hand;
 If you grant the request of these men their full scope,
 As sure as you're born they'll bring in the POPE!

Derry down, &c.

Then the *Doll* of LORETTO, bedizzen'd and
 drest,

To England may come to be worship'd and blest,
 And pilgrims again may in fashion appear,
 And we all may be sent a long walk once a year.

Derry down, &c.

In offices civil, as well as divine,
 These subtle intruders would willingly shine;
 The Lord May'r, to the Church's perpetual dis-
 grace,
May go to the Meeting with SWORD and with
MACE.

Derry down, &c.

Our streets will be crowded, and fill'd all our pews,
 With Papists, Mahometans, Gentooes, and Jews;
 Confusion, disorder, and rude innovation
 Will sorely perplex all the brains of the nation.

Derry down, &c.

Then, Senators, leave to Dissenters their preaching,
 Let them make what they will of their *praying* and
teaching;

Let us grant them in Heaven a prosperous birth,
But inheritance none of the things of this earth.

Derry down, &c.

THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY!

ODE, by the HISTORIC MUSE.

GENTLE Butchers! ring your cleavers—
Royal Coblers! Barbers! Weavers!
Chimney-sweepers! and Coal-heavers,

Leave your work, and come away!
Coopers, down with adze and wimble!
Taylors, drop the yard and thimble!
Link-boys and Lamp-lighters nimble,
Come, and keep this Holiday!

Drink and drive away the vapours—
When the night comes, light your tapers;
Dance and sing, and cut high capers,

Dedicate this day to mirth!
Let this day be ne'er neglected!
But, like *Christmas*, be respected—
FOX this day was first elected—

FOX, the greatest man on Earth!

Not the glorious *Revolution*,
Checking lawless persecution,
Which secur'd our *Constitution*

Free from overturning shocks—
Not the *Brunswick Coronation*,
Chasing *Pop'ry* from the nation,
E'er deserv'd commemoration,

Like th' Election of CHARLES FOX!

When the *Hero* tells his story,
Acts of splendor, deeds of glory,

Will diffuse their light before ye—

Then bestow your loud applause!

Walter Tyler, clad in armour!

Master Cade, the great Reformer!

Cromwell's self never was warmer

Than **CHARLES FOX** in *Virtue's* cause!

C***** and **B*******, by joint endeavour,

Thirteen Provinces did sever

From the *British Crown* for ever!

Noble **CHARLES**, and loyal **BURKE**!

Irish Independence rearing,

Kingdoms two asunder tearing,

Make the *Crown* not worth the wearing—

This, indeed, is glorious work!

Gallant **CHARLES**, the Nation's blessing,

Eas'd your *Shops* of tax distressing,

Laid thereon by **PITT** oppressing—

Hail, for ever, *Blue* and *Buff*!

Still there's something more provoking,

PITT has laid a tax on *smoking*,

Whilst your wives and mothers, croaking—

Dread another tax on *Snuff*.

Toast the *Prince* and *Royal Brothers*,

Whilst some folks, in places other,

Toast his *Father* and his *Mother*—

Drink the *People's Majesty*!

Drink about, ye *thirsty fishes*!

Toasting, with sincerest wishes,

Russells, *Bentincks*, *Cavendisshes*,

With *Fitzwilliam*, ever free!

Godlike CHARLES, the World's Eighth Wonder !
 In St. Stephen's squeaking thunder,
 Keeps the frightened Members under :

Oh ! let FOX be ne'er cast out !
 Rise ! ye gallant sons of freedom !
 Damn the laws, and never heed 'em !
 Wealthy villains only need 'em—
 Honest poor can live without.

See the Sire, by Son forsaken—
 F— persuades the *Heir mistaken*,
 The Prerogative to weaken—

Thanks to CHARLES's soothing tongue !
 When he speaks—Huzza !—encore him !
 Tumble down, and kneel before him !
 Kiss his *shoe-string*, and adore him—

CHARLES from *Freedom's Goddess's* Spring !

At next *Westminster Election*,
 Guard with care against defection ;
 Give delinquents just correction—

Bring a *Hundred Thousand Voters* !
 Collar *Magistrates*, and fright 'em—
 Meet your foes, and boldly fight 'em,
Samson like, with jaw-bone smite 'em,
 Make clean work, and cut their throats.

PATRIOTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

I'M an orator—going *Down-hill*,
 My Lungs are grown husky of late ;
 My Tongue, tho' it cannot *lie still*,
 Has, alas ! not much longer to *prate*.

My Memory, *loose* as a *sieve*,
 Is daily exhausting its store;
 My invention has nothing to give,
 But the—*Truths* it has given *before*.

To my Speech, for prolixity known,
 No longer the *Members* incline;
 One half have forgot how I *shone*—
 One half never knew me to *shine*.

From the day when my labours began,
 To the hour that now sees me decay,
 Opposition has been my sole plan,
Throwing rubs in the *Minister's* way.

I new-modell'd a Proverb, when young,
 And from thence drew my practical rules—
 For, said I, "*Whate'er is must be wrong*,"
 That 'tis *right*—none can fancy but Fools.

This oracular maxim I deem'd
 A sure *passport* to *credit* and *pay*;
 And the Senate exclusively seem'd
 The true field for its fullest display.

So the Senate I chose for my walk,
 And forsook *Bar* and *Pulpit* untry'd—
 'Twas the *bent* of my *Genius*—to talk—
 And *objection* prompt matter supply'd.

When a *Patriot* his *Rhet'ric* prepares,
 Some *Rival* in *power* to *scout*,
 The *Tap'stry* of *Public Affairs*
 He adroitly presents *inside-out*.

Tho'

Tho' its *pattern* be *splendid* and *rich*,
 'Tis the *knots*, *tags*, and *flocks* he *assaults*;
Faults make the *best figure* in *Speech*,
 And, of course, I saw nothing *but faults*.

For ten years together at least,
 Poor *North* did I harass and goad;
 I call'd him *Wretch*, *Robber*, and *Beast*—
 I detested him—*worse* than a *Toad*.

'Twas my pride all his plans to perplex,
 All his errors with treach'ry to tax;
 To magnify all his defects,
 And to threaten his head with an *Axe*.

But to Party conviction must bend,
 And opinions shift round with the tide—
North now is my very dear Friend,
 And we *fulminate both* on a *side*.

For I heard a sweet little Tom-tit
 Sing one day at my Beaconsfield box,
 "That *North* was an *Angel* to *Pitt*,
 "And *Thurlow* an *Idiot* to *Fox*."

How should *Pitt* come by knowledge or worth?
 What's the skill that *Prosperity* shows?—
Disappointment's the merit of *North*,
 And *his* fame from calamity flows.

They but ask'd me the Commons to check,
 If suspicion should glance at their names
 I suppos'd the whole House at our beck,
 So acceded with ease to their claims.

But

But, alas! my *presumption* was *rash*,
 That our Party all search could out-vote;
 So Bembridge, good soul, *lost* his *cash*,
 And P——l, my Friend, cut his throat.

To the *House* tho' I call'd him my *Guide*,
 Through the *Quicksands* of *Office* to *steer*;
 To his *Jury*—the *quhole* I *decried*,
 And *swore* he'd been *mad* for a *year*.

I engag'd long ago in a scheme
 To pocket Five Hundred per cent.
 The *salvation* of *India* my theme,
 A round sum for myself the intent.

But the venture prov'd woefully cross,
 And a heavy sad balance accru'd—
 Honest Sullivan paid up his loss—
 Mine stands, as it ever has stood.

In vain, each *Sabbatical Year*,
 My *Lean Creditors* urge the demand;
 As a *Member*, I've nothing to fear—
 I'm *Secure* by the *Law* of the *Land*.

But e'er since, I've ne'er fail'd of a knock
 At the *Company's* gains, where I might;
 And I'd *starve* 'em, aye, *bankrupt* their *Stock*
 Had I means to effect it, to-night.

Erst the *King* was for ever in *debt*,
 Tho' his *Civil List* mounted so *high*:
 No wonder—ere *hungry* he *ate*,
 And *drank*—long before he was *dry*.

These

These profligate courses to stop
 I may vaunt, all the glory was mine
 'Twas my *Bill* made him *dine* on a *op*,
 And set a due *flint* on his *wine*.

Yet, to feeling of *Loyalty* prone,
 I still greet him a Courtier complete;
 Tho' I'd *hurl* him to day from his *Throne*,
 I to-morrow can *kneel* at his *feet*.

But ill luck all my measures attends,
 On my side Fortune never was warm;
 In spite of my *Party*—my *Friends*—
 My *Merit*, my *Toils*, my *Reform*.

For the thousand in *Brocklesby's* will,
 Which his *vanity*, *Living*, has paid,
 If it bring no more *grist* to the mill,
 Is unworthy the fufs it has made.

Yet th' *example*, perhaps, may gain ground,
 And thus give my *Friend's* bounty a *lift*;
 Then *Sir Joshua's* purse may compound,
 For the meanness of *Brocklesby's* gift.

But I guess what he meant well enough,
 By this pompous display of esteem—
 To atone for the stinging rebuff
 Which he knows I attribute to him.

When *John Hunter* forbade us his door,
 As we went his *Museum* to view;—
 On my saying I'd call there no more—
 John replied, "*The more lost, Sir, to you.*"

But

But whatever the praise he may boast,
 I submit not to judge with the throng—
 His *ingratitude* pleased me most,
 To the *Master* who fed him so long.

'Tis *Philosophy*, *greatness* of mind,
 From the *shackles* of *prejudice* free;
 'Tis my own just contempt of mankind—
 Lord *V*****, can witness for me.

The man, who my *Bond* would enforce,
 Which his *kindness* forbore till too late,
 Put an end to my friendship of course—
 Yet did not afflict his estate.

Could he think me so weak as to pay
 What the *Law* could no longer compel?
 Need I care what his *Creditors* say?
 —I know my own *int'rest* too well.

And retiring, unconscious of shame,
 To the *Villa* I bought with his loan;
 With the *Statute* I cancel his claim,
 And feel it securely my own.

I observ'd, in a fit of despair,
 The *Treasures* by *Placemen* possess;
 And the *profits*—I hop'd not to share,
 I concluded, were better suppress,

It would add to my credit, I thought,
 To pull a fat *Paymaster* down;
Charles Fox 'twould not injure a groat;
 And *Rigby* was firm to the Crown.

Four Thousand a year, in his place,
Was no more than a drop to the Sea;
Comparison alters the Case—
'Twere the wealth of both Indies to me.

I've a Cousin,—“ God help him ! ”—abroad,
Where the Sun burns him up to a Coal;
Where by system rogues rob and defraud—
Where a Governor ransacks the whole.—

'Twas not fit a Reform too severe
Should my own precious relatives squeeze;
So while cutting off Rigby's gains here,
I procur'd an addition to his.

Doctor Leach my fine Speeches cajol'd,
By whose aid he found means to set sail:
Whom we promis'd whole mountains of Gold,
In return for his Bond and his Bail.

But Will, by this credit equip,
A plentiful fortune has won;
And the Bond—his remembrance has slept,
As it ought—now his business is done.

When North was kick'd out, 'twas my fate
To step into the Paymaster's shoes;
“ Good Lord ! ” how I wept, when too late,
To have stripp'd the poor Post of its dues.

But my grief was consol'd in a trice,
By a couple of rascals in grain;
And I yielded to Powell's advice,
Join'd with Bembridge's Leger-de-main.

To be sure, by a *slight* of my own,
 I have furnish'd my *Brother* with bread;
 And brought him in triumph to town—
 Where he long had not ventur'd his head;

By a *sinécure* worthy his *skill*
 And *knowledge* profound in the *Laws*,
 'Twas the *Office* of *Council* to fill
 In a *Suit*—where I *manage* the *Cause*.

He wore the *Tye-wig*—*shew'd* his *face*;
 I *pleaded*, and *pleaded*, and *pleaded*;
 All our hopes were to *spin* out the *Case*—
 And, for once in my *life*, I *succeeded*.

If we gain but *five years* more delay,
 On *surveying* his *Creditors* round,
 We compute, at *Ten Guineas* a day,
 He'll discharge—*Half a Crown* in the *Pound*.

Some base *Cavillers* hint, in the dark,
 That I share in *Dick's* fees for advice;
 But I spurn at the silly remark—
 All the world knows my feeling's too nice.

All the world knows my grief and despair
 On the *Commons'* late censuring vote,
 For a mere *Peccadillo*, I swear,
 And meant too *their* ends to promote.

Tho' my *Friends* muster'd strong on my side,
 The next *House* of its wrath to cajole,
 Tho' expedients of *all sorts* we try'd,
 By *Epistle*, as well as *Parole*—

Still

Still I feel my mind's frame out of joint :

Still I shudder whene'er I look back ;

For I could but just carry my point,

To persist in the weary attack.

Thus, betwixt apprehension and hope,

Must my dregs of life bitterly flow—

If the Commons allow me but scope,

I've at least one sure string to my bow.

Yet, alas! there's no other event

(And the *Sun* of my *Fame* is near *set*),

For the *noon-tide* of *Talents* mispent,

Than an *Eve'ning* of *cheerless* regret.

DERBY'S DINNER

A PARTY-COLOURED SONG.

Captum te nidore sua putat ille culina,

Nec male coniectat : Quis enim tam nudus —

JUVENAL.

IN times so eventful, my Muse might seem mad,

If she once fail'd to mark the designs of the Squad ;

She knows all their haunts—where they *plot*, *drink*,
and *play*,

Knows they're deeply in debt, but knows *not* when
they'll pay.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

E

When

When Lord-loving *Edmund*, and mob-stirring *Dick*,
 Of each other's politics grew mighty sick,
 To settle their stomachs, to quiet their gall,
 Lord Doll gave his treat, and sung "Liberty
 Hall!"

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

After dinner in style was serv'd up, and 'tis true,
 A dinner's an object to bare "*Buff and Blue*;"
Dick Sherry gave sentiment—*Derby* gave—
 And moral decorum, *Charles* kick'd out of doors.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

Come *Morris*, said *Catiline*—give us a song—
 Brother *Burke*, brother *Sherry*, we're both in the
 wrong;
 So 'gainst *Pitt* and his surplus let's each a slave
 sing,
 To any one tune, saving "God save the King!"

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

STAVE BY MORRIS.

Let the young Tory *Pitt* prate of spendings and
 savings,
 The country's cash we want—but to gratify our crav-
 ings;
 Let him drown the nation's debt in fund *pro bono*
 sinking,
 While we, to drown our cares, only crave a fund
 for drinking.

Bow wow wow.

STAVE

STAVE BY DUKE OF P——

When Prime Minister I'm made,
 With patronage invested,
 " *Blue and Buff,*" be not afraid !
 Not one shall be arrested ;
 Of mortgage, bond, and note of hand,
 The public P—— shall ease you ;
 Your creditors, by my command,
 Shall but for *Orders* tease you.

STAVE BY SHERRY.

The P—— is the Sun of my table,
 His beams to me incline ;
 The Planet am I, not able,
 Without his help, to shine ;
 Then put the toast round to the French, Sirs,
 " Destruction to all *Kingly* power !"
 But to *Princes* who laugh, drink, and wench,
 Sirs,
 May Fortune her favours e'er shower !

STAVE BY CHARLES *the Pious, and Dissenter*
the most Devout.

Priests, Bishops, and Deacons, might all to a
 man,
 Pronounce it both sin and a libel,
 Yet were I Financier, my very first plan,
 Would be to tax every Bible.
 Epistle, belief, gospel, pray'r-book and creed,
 Doubtless luxuries are to the soul, Sir,
 Therefore, if of taxing the State stood in need,
 Why, on them too I'd levy the toll, Sir.

Paddy Burke next struck up in harmonious tones,
And *Paddy* in Loyalty—equals *Paul Jones*!

“ Mr. Chairman,” he cried, “ I most humbly be-
saché,

That instead of a Song--you'll accept of a *Spache*.”

Now *Manager Magpye*--*Burke*'s senses doth keep,
Bid *Edmund* to sing, and not talk them to sleep;

“ So I will,” replied *Edmund*, “ and sing too sub-
lime,”

And said he, “ Brother Manager--*kape* me in
time.”

AIR BY BURKE.

There was a *Loufe* got into my Wig.

Hic, hoc, horam, et sublime O!

It gave *Three Ships*, and danc'd a jig,

And mov'd in Minuet time O!

But when the *Comb* my brown Bob curl'd,

Hic, hoc, horum, et sublime O!

Little Loufe from his *Thront* was hurPd,

And cut off in his prime O!

STAVE BY PATRICK COURTENAY, in a big Passion.

When Fox takes the reins in Britannia's Car,

If I once get in place, be it Peace, be it War--

Like the Steed in the Stall, when the Stable's on
fire,

I'll sooner than quit it in *blazes* expire!

To

To sing hub-bub-boo, did-a-roo,
 Scarce am I able,
 Arrah ! hub-bub-boo, what must I do ?
 Not a coat to my back, not a joint on my table,
 Not a *boot* for my *foot*, not a *leg* for my *shoe*.

STAVE BY SIR GREY COOPER, *straining and*
quavering.

Britons are *bound* State Debts to pay,
 The maxim needs no urging,
 By Taxes then to *cleanse* away,
 Britons are *soresly* *purg*ing.

CHORUS—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6!

Derby now try'd *in vain*, to make friends of sworn
 foes,
 For *Dick* foam'd and look'd red—*Edmund* turn'd up
 his Nose,
 And some folks shrewdly think, they ne'er mean to
 embrace,
 'Till *Edmund* gets *pension'd*—and *Dick* gets a *Place*.
 Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

But our vessel of State is well mann'd, steer'd, and
 stor'd,
 She wants not a Blue and Buff Sailor on board ;
 If the *Crew* man a Vessel—that Vessel, you'll say,
 Should be first that weighs anchor for *Botany Bay*.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

Now the Party broke up, and then *Demagogue* Fox,
 From his pocket produc'd packs of Cards, Dice, and
 Box ;

Flats and Sharps took the hint, all went deeply to
play,
And each Rook pluck'd his Pigeon before break of
day.

Sing tantarara, R-g-s all, &c.

THE

PRIVATE REFLECTIONS of a PATRIOT.

A CERTAIN great Patriot, whose name you
may guess,

By Providence given, this country to bless,

Who conceiving a plan,

Like a very wise man,

To make himself greater, has made himself less;

Thus spoke, as he saunter'd in Brookes's alone,

" Let me see what I've done for the People or
Throne.

At my first setting out, as my talents were
bright,

I got some preferment, but that was so slight,

That my profit by day was *dispos'd* of by night.

When encumber'd with debts, men of honour must
pay,

I applied for more places—Lord Boreas said,
Nay;

So I voted against him the very next day.

Then,

Then, 'midst various changes of hopes and of
 fears,
 'Midst the Muses and Graces, Jews, Jockies, and
 Peers,
 I found out the means to rub on a few years.

During this, my Lord Boreas went on very well;
 His friends procur'd places as fast as they fell,
 And I wish'd him and all his dependants at hell.

At St. Stephen's I found there was little to do,
 The House ill attended, the Speakers were few,
 Till the Americans kick'd up a hurlyburloo.

Here a new piece of bus'ness was thrown on my
 hands;
 The State call'd 'em rebels, I call'd 'em our
 friends;
 And I did all I could for to further their ends.

In vain did the minister drain our resources,
 My speeches went over by various courses,
 Before we had embark'd, nay, or voted our forces.

At length France and Spain were engag'd in the
 broil;
 Here was something to fight for, some prospect of
 spoil;
 And the national spirit was ready to boil.

Their navy 'gainst ours I was sure could not
 stand,
 And as that would undo all the schemes I had
 plann'd
 We voted that Keppel should have the command.

Such

Such cooks as this Keppel must sure spoil the
broth,
He was bold at manœuv'ring, at fighting was loth,
"Nor suffer'd the sun to go down on his wrath."

So we lost a good day; but it answer'd my ends,
For he threw all the blame upon Sandwich's friends,
And their quarrel could ne'er make the nation amends.

Distresses by land followed losses by sea;
If a conquest we gain'd, 'twas the Life of a flea;
But if we were beaten, 'twas apples to me.

At length, to secure the Congress their powers,
Conway mov'd that Sir Guy should be snug in his
tow'rs,
At the moment that victory must have been ours.

That bus'ness thus settled, I then went to work,
My Lord North and his crew to unseat with a jerk;
And, to aid my design, call'd in *trumpeter Burke*.

And thus we enlisted a number of troops;
Opposition was form'd into various groups;
And Rockingham stood at the head of our *dupes*.

So Lord North was dismiss'd, and we gain'd the
ascendant,
And the Marquis brought in every needy dependant,
Then stole off to heaven with virtues transcendent.

Shelburne seiz'd on his seat; I disputed his claim;
He call'd me a liar; I call'd him the same;
And from that time determin'd to play a *deep game*.

So I quitted my place, and those followed that
 would,
 Resolving to do all the mischief we could;
 And as for Lord Thurlow, why, G—d d—mn his
 blood!

Shelburne made up a peace, and I own, what is
 true,
 I abus'd him and all the new Ministers too,
 Because 'twas *the best thing* I thought they could do.

But to cover the better this deep disposition,
 I lamented the Loyalists' wretched condition,
 And form'd with Lord Boreas a grand Coalition!

On principle form'd it; and who but must say,
 Self-interest's a principle pow'ful in sway,
 And that principle led us to draw the same way.

With this phalanx, 'gainst him and his measures
 we roar'd;
 Lord Boreas was *hear-him'd*, and I was encor'd,
 And Burke on *Balloons* of sublimity soar'd.

So Shelburne was turned out of very good bread,
 And my friend, Duke or no Duke, was plac'd in
 his stead,
 A good honest soul, but no tongue in his head.

Pitt and Townshend were forc'd to walk down
 the back-stair,
 And so 'twould have been had old Chatham been
 there;
 For, like Brentford's usurpers, we each seiz'd a
 chair.

And

And " who were so happy, so happy as we !"
 Constitutional questions debated might be ;
 But no question could sever my colleague and me.

Thus our friends carried every new motion be-
 fore 'em,
 Even Majesty's self was not one of the Quorum,
 Till I brought in—" *Ab! nunc renovare dolorem!*"

My reform Bill—'twas hard such a project should
 fail,
 So strong in effect, and so mild in detail ;
God damme, 'twas dress'd like a *whore in a veil!*

With the Commons it met with but faint oppo-
 sition,
 But the Peers, through the gauze, saw the vile im-
 position,
 And tripp'd up the heels of my strumpet Ambition.

Then all secret advisers I loudly abus'd,
 Through a certain young Gentleman's ear I'd in-
 fus'd
 With a drug that one Shaftesbury formerly us'd.

The Bill was thrown out ; we remov'd from our
 quarters,
 And our gang all resign'd with the spirit of mar-
 tyrs ;
 So the Company sav'd both their chattels and char-
 ters.

Now each day some new bar to my project re-
 veals,
 A firm Ministry presently trod on our heels,
 And Thurlow, that bane to my hopes, got the
 Seals

But

But, what was still worse, nry, a 3—nable
 thing,
 The voice of the people, that once us'd to sing
 " God blefs Mr. Fox," now cry'd " God blefs the
 King!"

Yet one comfort was left us, the Commons were
 ours;
 So we mov'd that the House must include the three
 pow'rs,
 And we voted Prerogative quite out of doors:

'Twas an obsolete right, and of course must be
 wrong.
 Mov'd, " that friends to the King make no use of
 their tongue,"
 That " Peers are old women, and Pitt is too
 young."

In the sad day of sickness and national moan,
 When EDMUND the sovereign " hurl'd from the
 throne,"
 My zeal and my loyalty luminous shone.

The right of the Commons a Regent to name,
 I maintain'd, would extinguish bright Liberty's
 flame;
 For the PRINCE, not the People, the right was to
 claim.

PITT foil'd this attack on the public weal;
 Then I join'd the *Dissenters*, who like myself feel
 For old *Mother Church* no extravagant zeal.

*Playing with Kippis, with Priestley and Price,
The game went on smoothly, till Pitt in a trice
Detected us all—and our damn'd loaded dice.*

Then I parted with one that I urg'd to attack
The rights of election—I mean my *Lord Jack*;
As I found so I left him *sans shirt* to his back.

Thus his reflections the *Patriot* did close:
Abandon'd of friends, and oppress'd by my foes—
What is to become of me? *Beelzebub* knows!

What WHIGS are good for,

A N D

What they are not good for.

Tune—*Roast Beef of Old England.*

JOHN BULL honest Fellow, give ear to my
Song,

'Twill confirm what is right, and condemn what is
wrong,

Not a word but of Truth shall escape from my
Tongue,

About the bad Whigs of Old England,
The bad bottom beggarly Whigs.

A pro

A profligate Crew, and a crimp'd cozen'd Clan;
 Beggars, Blockheads, and Bankrupts, and Tools to
a Man;

As hostile to Peace as Morality's Plan,

Are the bad Whigs, &c.

But to pigeon a P—— or to outwit a Jew;

To find Horns for a Husband, and W—— for a
stew,

To stir up a Mob—and give Faction her clue,

They are the best Whigs, &c.

To impede our State-pilots, and by a long Speech
 Swear the Vessel of State's run ashore on the beach,
 Between *Father and Sons* to effect a wide Breach,

They are the best Whigs, &c.

To smile with fanatics—make *Mother-Church* frown,

To cabbage a Charter, to grasp at a Crown;

To shock the whole State—and to shake the Stocks
 down,

They are the best Whigs, &c.

To dish up dup'd Dukes, puny Peers, wealthy
 Heirs,

And to Brabant consign 'em to brood o'er their
 Cares,

Then allow them *Board Wages* to nurse their Af-
 fairs,

They are the best Whigs, &c.

Perjur'd Paupers to poll and to start Men of Straw,

To collar the Quorum—to lay down the Law!—

In Honour and Virtue—to find out a Flaw,

They are the best Whigs, &c.

Britannia to crush—to mock her sworn Foe,
Her Revenues to raise, make her Commerce to
flow;

Freedom's *Rights* to defend—good Example to show,
They are the worst Whigs, &c.

Then of *Pitt*, our *State Watchman*, let's cheerfully
sing,

And of *Thurloew* the Patrole—and Justice the *King*,
And when *Whigs* break the Peace may they all of
them swing,

Like other bad Whigs, &c.

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG

Of the CLUB call'd

“VIVE LE ROI!”

WHEN the radiant rob'd Goddess of Liberty
shed

Her influence divine o'er our Isle;
From her Pow'r omnipotent—Tyranny fled,
And *Britannia*, long griev'd, 'gan to smile.

Vive le Roi! Huzza, Huzza, *Vive le Roi!*

The *Soldier*, the *Sailor*, the *People*, impell'd
By Liberty's sacred Flame,

King *William* enthron'd, in whose Worth was be-
held

Each Virtue true Freedom cou'd claim.

Vive le Roi, &c.

Tho'

Tho' Foes to the Crown our mild Monarch's fair
Fame

May with Envy envenom'd decry;
Yet, such pois'nous Darts of Detraction's foul Aim,
His various fraught Virtues defy.

Vive le Roi, &c.

Oft has Genius, neglected, been rais'd by *his* Pow'r,
And its Blossoms unfolded have blown;
The Heart-chilling Gale chang'd to genial Show'r,
Has the *Fruit* to Maturity grown.

Vive le Roi, &c.

The Vet'ran high soaring on Victory's Wing,
And whose Motto is "Conquer or Die!"
To meet the Reward of his Country and King,
On Hope's full-plum'd Pinion shall fly.

Vive le Roi, &c.

Ne'er shall lawless Ambition maintain its career,
Nor shall Faction with Freedom contend;
For the Rights of the Crown we as *Freemen* revere,
And as *Britons* are bound to defend.

Vive le Roi, &c.

Each Heart then, enliven'd by Loyalty's Cause,
Push the Soul-stirring Wine swiftly round;
Exclaim in a Volley of Joy and Applause,
For the Nation re-echoes the sound.

Vive le Roi, &c.

AN
HEROIC EPISTLE

TO THE
MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

HAIL! Charley, Saviour of a desp'rate land,
Flourish the feather'd sceptre in thy hand!
If not where Congress lately rous'd our spleen,
And thirteen stripes are now triumphant seen;
Yet where the sun on idol pagods shines,
And flaming rubies ripens and refines;
From you conspicuous in these dregs of times,
With patriot eloquence unmasking crimes.

Perish the thought! that e'er the lust of sway
Should fire the Hero *dup'd by lust of play*.
Perish the thought! tho' you've been steep'd in
 skews,
That grov'ling interest should point your views;
By breaking laws, in justice others fail,
You step o'er law, to balance justice' scale;
By treating freedom as you'll serve the King,
(As eunuchs by castration learn to sing)
Curtailling rights which troublesome were grown,
You seat fair Freedom firmlier on her throne.
For what are *Charters* to thy spacious mind,
Which grasps at once the good of human kind,

And

And paltry individuals leaves to rave,
Who faith and fees to legislature gave.

In vain may P— and W— in ruth,*
(With as much modesty at least as youth)
To prop our beauteous constitution call,
And fear for English honour in its fall.
In vain may * * nice distinctions draw;
W— curse all swindling: Th— grumble law:
You tread a downward passage to the skies,
As skilful divers by their sinking rise;
And plunging boldly from old Thames's side,
Emerge triumphant on the Ganges' tide.
From flaming *Chartres* a fair Phoenix springs,
Bearing a labell'd title, *King of Kings*!
Ground in the magic mill contriv'd by you,
Britannia wonders at her rosy hue.

Hail to the new-poss'd sphere! hail golden
times!

When Leaden-hall is purg'd of all its crimes,
To thee! to thee! Directors shall give place,
And cousin George † the Bua ‡ of thy grace.

F 3

" *Empire's*

* If the reader cannot find an interpretation of this truly classical word in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, he is desired to consult *Archæological Epistle*.

V. 31. The Company is not bankrupt, but insolvent.
—See *Debates*.

† Lest this should be mistaken for the name of some old companion at the Faro table, from the familiar epithet of propinquity to Charles, be it known that the Personage here intended was once stiled King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; &c. &c.

‡ The

"Empires in Empires," as ye sail around,
 Ye sages in balloons, repeat the sound.
 As some old scraper grudg'd his massy stores,
 Dreads to the world to open his dark doors,
 Should a sly spendthrift wriggle to his side,
 Tho' tough the miser, many a winter try'd,
 The parasite each hiccup hears with dread,
 And wonders, long before he was not dead;
 Laments how wan! his pulse's languid beat!
 Holds out a truce with death, that specious cheat!
 Doctors and 'Pothecaries do the feat!
 In vain Gripe grasps his bags with swimming
 eyes,
 The false friend seizes them, he dies! he dies!
 So you, with remedies unknown before,
 Directors quack, their cholic is no more.

Let others glimm'ring politics pursue,
 The northern star is ever in thy view;
 Safe shalt thou brave the tempests of the deep,
 While liberty and honour, sinking, weep;
 No more shall Gallia, Spain, or Holland fret,
 Presto! the Indian sponge shall wipe away our debt.
 The lucubrations soon, of Dr. Price,
 Shall cover *cheesecakes*, or *envelope spice*.

Flow, rhet'ric, flow, from thy delightful source,
 Untir'd, unstopped, unrivall'd in thy course,

† *The Bua is the nominal King of Tonquin, where
 the Chouab, or Foxite, claims all the executive powers
 of government.*

*Ver. 65. Te duce si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetuâ solvent formidine terras.*

On whose smooth waves e'en children safely play,
 Tho' the smooth waves to kingdoms fate convey;
 While Wit her posies scatters as they glide,
 And pearls and diamonds lurk beneath the tide;
 While journals, that would disembody the store,
 With Ganges' num'rous mouths have need of more.
 Dreaming their wealth, how swells Joe Miller's
 page !

What new Lyceums glad a future age !

A many-headed monster some may trace
 Like Janus thou hast got a *double face* ;
 One mark'd by age with characters of truth,*
 The other smiling with perpetual youth.
 Blest *Coalition* ! where we see combin'd,
 All that can raise the laughter of mankind ;
 Where, spite of fretful Virtue's prudish frown,
 The bawd and strumpet play upon the town.
 Though Scott may basely black quotations † frame,
 Lo ! Sheridan defends thy righteous aim,
 And seven bright Angels issue from thy throne,
 All drefs'd in linen *whiter than thy own*.

Let fordid souls (for such there are at Court)
 With thy respectful name unpitying sport.
 As water from an emiaence descends,
 As cork floats in it, as flame upward sends,

* See Revelations, Chapter xiii. and blest Provi-
 dence, who hath given our Senators piety in this infidel
 age !

† Ver. 121. This alluding to an anecdote of scan-
 dalous History, the world (for all the world will un-
 doubtedly read this Poem) is assured, that it will be
 developed very shortly in a *New Atalantis*.

As

As odour springs from incense, smoke from coals,
 As owls love solitude, as herrings shoals,
 As birds their hairy houses build in trees,
 As wasps suck honey, and as flow'rets bees,
 As toasts delight in public to be seen,
 As the bowl rolls along the level green,
 As children's little minds are fix'd on fruit,
 Bishop's on ease, and bigots on dispute,
 As critics true on Aristotle dote,
 As yea and nay the Quakers meek denote,
 As the smooth mirror to the face is true,
 Punning and pleasantry they have in view,
 Dear as to maiden seventy beauty's name,
 To poet dreams of universal fame.
 But thou'rt a Fox that, leaping o'er all mounds,
 Their yell despisest, and will tire those hounds.

From dirty rostrums, never hearst thou loud,
 Then shalt no more deal rostrums to the crowd;
 Camels, or elephants, shall gladly kneel,
 To bear the great restorer of their weal.
 With virtuous *Armsted*, the *Graces'* care,
 Even Mahomed shall envy such a fair;
 And for a moment stooping from his sphere,
 Ravish'd, on luxury thy lectures hear;
 Then own, surpriz'd, the blissful scenes he drew,
 Prophet of pleasure! are refin'd by you;
 While *Cachemirians*, fairer than the spring,
 With *muffled noses* shall salute thee, King!

Sir CHARLES MILLS's Feast.

An Hampshire Ode.

'T WAS at a sumptuous banquet giv'n by Mills,
 To chase the thoughts of nomination ill,
 In his arm chair sedate,
 The pensive landlord fate,
 Whilst either eye the patriot tear distills.
 Around were plac'd the Bloomsb'ry crew,
 Dress'd in the uniform of Buff and Blue;
 A fightly garb—*more fightly when 'twas new.*
 The *unbang'd Cheater* by his side,
 Sat fullen sad, and would have cry'd,
 But that his iron heart such marks of grief deny'd.
 Gen'rous, gen'rous, gen'rous host;
 None but such guests,
 None but such guests,
 None but such guests,
 Should feast at such a landlord's cost!

The dinner o'er, the toasts g'one round,
 Alas! on ev'ry tongue
 A melancholy silence hung;
 P——r the means to chase that silence found,
 And bid the Chairman ask from ev'ry guest a song.
 To Cheater's Bridewell muse,
 With courtly look the Chairman fues;
 The grateful culprit knew not to refuse.
 Straight from his cheek the half-chew'd quid he
 drew;
 For ah! no songster yet at once could *sing* and *cheew*.

S O N G.

YE scamps, ye pads, ye poachers, and pris'ners all
at large,

Here's quarters good, and cram and swig, and all
at *Mill's* charge;

To make a row for *Ruffel's* sake we're keeping up
the ball;

There's ne'er a rogue in *Hampshire* now needs sag
it at *Mill Doll*.

With my row row row dow.

We are all jolly poachers here, let *Huttry's* knight
beware,

For *Beddell's* bridges are *man-traps* sure, the party's
let a snare:

And tho' at nomination work our *snoozers* miss
their aim,

Yet when the poll comes on, my lads, we'll go ano-
ther game.

With a row, &c.

Long time I poach'd for *Heathcoate's* hares, and
seldom miss'd my mark.

And 'cause I knew the deed was wrong, I did it
in the dark.

But little thought my roguery would gain so much
applause;

And I should be a poacher here to poach in *Ruffel's*
cause.

With a row, &c.

My

My former occupation gone, I'll stick to this that's
new;

No more a rogue and vagabond, since qualified by
you.

Then here's to Fox and all our friends, and may
they 'scape a fall,

And ~~Chester~~ ne'er be sent to *quod*, and doom'd
to thump *Mill Doll*.

With a row, &c.

The list'ning guests admire the *culprit's* song,
And loudest praises burst from Miller's tongue.
Cheater to its place the much-lov'd *quod* re-
stor'd,

And for a song besought the *banquet's* lord.

Stanza extempore by Sir C. Mills.

I'm given to understand there's like to be a pother
here,

Because, d'ye see, the parliament can hardly live
another year;

And if you'll roar in *Russel's* cause, and vote as
I direct ye,

With all my power and property from prisons I'll
protect ye.

Chorus—*by the Party.*

Thanks to our worthy host, our patron and pro-
tector,

His will be our law, his vote our director.

Sooth'd with the sound the knight grew vain,
And sung his stanza o'er again;

Again the song the chorus join'd, and bumpers
clos'd the strain.

Old B—t next the Chairman call'd,
 B—t, whom now no fell remorse appall'd,
 For ruthless vengeance shed
 On Antrim's guiltless head:
 Antrim, who erst this Shylock's writ enthrall'd,
 Obedient to the Chairman's call,
 That his own acts he sung, and Antrim's fall.

Song—by Mr. B——t.

If into your debt
 A poor voter shou'd get,
 And your bribes to corrupt him should fail, Sir,
 His mortgage or bond
 Make him pay, or abscond,
 Or else let him rot in a gaol, Sir.

So Antrim, whose pride,
 All my threats had defied,
 No means did I scruple to ruin;
 With action I gaol'd him,
 And had they not bail'd him,
 By G—d I'd have wrought his undoing.

The patriots rend the roof with loud applause,
 And prais'd the despot's *zeal*, employ'd in *freedom's*
cause.

Then softly sweet, and with a modest air,
 The gentle T——s thus address'd the Chair:

SONG.

S O N G.

TUNE---*In Infancy.*

In Hampshire, Sir, my means are small,
 My int'rest small I fear;
 A single tenement is all,
 The rent three pounds a-year.

Yet ev'ry scheme and trick I'll try,
 To banish Heathcote hence,
 And what I want in property,
 Make up in *impudence*.

P---th next in turn to sing appear'd,
 And thus the patriot parson volunteer'd:

S O N G.

TUNE---*Vicar of Bray.*

To grace the Bar was first my plan,
 But law had no attraction;
 I'm now ordain'd a holy man,
 Yet Minister to faction:

For this my function I'll forego,
 And from my duty swerve, Sir;
 And tho' a Priest in outward shew,
 Within I'll Mammon serve, Sir.

Our great Whig cause I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, Sir ;
 If thus preferment I can gain,
 'Tis much the better way, Sir.

When George with grievous ills was press'd,
 And wanted our allegiance ;
 His son as Sov'reign we address'd,
 And offer'd him obedience.
 And now I'll quit to serve his friend,
 My holy occupation,
 And if our party gain their end,
 Work out my own salvation.

My Lord of W—— shall be,
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 The god of my idolat'ry,
 The power whom I obey, Sir.

The guests applaud the pious Churchman's strain ;
 Not one dissenting voice ; e'en B—— cried *Amen*.
 Sir Charles in ecstasy of soul,
 From Crawley's curate snatch'd the bowl ;
 And W—— the word——
 To the good prelate's health a deep libation pour'd ;
 And drank the whole :
 Another bowl, the curate cries ;
 Then with large draughts the guests he plies.
 P——r from B——m asked a song, but sleep had clos'd
 his eyes :
 Wak'd by the call, the droufy 'Squire
 Rais'd his drooping noddle higher ;
 And would have fung,
 But that his tongue,
 In concert with his eyes, had lost its wonted
 fire ;

Whilst

Whilst frequent hiccups from his lab'ring breast
 At once the pow'r of wine and potent punch con-
 fess'd.

Now on Sir Charles the Curate turn'd his eyes,
 And thought he saw a sudden madness rise ;
 Whilst Cheater on his side
 His imprecation loud
 On Heathcote's soul bestow'd,
 And both the man and magistrate defy'd.

At Heathcote's name the knight look'd wildly
 round ;
 And, starting from his chair,
 Revenge, revenge ! he cry'd, on Russell's foe ;
 Heathcote, 'tis Russell guides the blow !
 And wou'd have fell'd him to the ground ;
 But Heathcote was not there.

The Curate loudly mourn'd to see
 Sir Charles's wild ebriety,
 Yet half conceal'd his pain ;
 At length with friendly hand he led
 His hospitable host to bed,
 And fought the guests again.

Thus at Sir Charles's festive board,
 To pensive Whigs was mirth restor'd,
 And drown'd in wine their woes.
 May Crawley's Curate long attend,
 When *drunk*, to lead him *by the hand*,
 When *sober*—by the nose.

The

W.
No
So,
It f

EPIGRAMS.

S P A R R I N G.

*The Wits of the Party, it seems, are not yet at
" Their Wit's End." We understand the follow-
ing comes from the pen of Lord Derby himself.*

— *Tantane animis Cælestibus Iræ ?*

VIRG.

W A S ever Lord so serv'd ? as I'm a finner,
No good arises from my *Dinner !*

For *Burke* and *Sberry* shun each other's fight :
So, spite of all my treats---most gentle Reader,
It seems I've only been--*Cock-Feeder*---

And cramming these two *Game-Cocks* for the
fight !

HORACE, Ode IV. Book IV

" Fortes creantur fortibus, et bonis,
" Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum
" Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
" Progenerant aquilæ columbam."

Translated by Lord J. RUSSELL.

BRAVE Sires beget brave Sons, 'tis said;
Such honour all my Sires have had,
E'en from their earliest stock;
How then can Hampshire dare to doubt
That Lord JOHN RUSSELL will turn out
A Chip of the Old Block?

BY THE SAME.

Brave Sires beget brave Sons, 'tis said;
One RUSSELL bravely lost his head,
And so would I, Lord JOHN;
But as my head may, where it stands,
As well serve all my patriot ends,
I'd rather keep it on.

BY THE SAME.

I've heard my brother say upon the courts,
 That there is nothing like *the breed* of a horse;
 And that 'twould be a prodigy most rare,
 To see a *cart* colt out of a *blood* mare.

BY THE SAME.

"Fortes creantur fortibus, et bonis,"
 Worth fifty votes this line alone is;
 For—if good Fathers get good Sons, d'ye see,
 I shew my noble pedigree,
 And half my work is done:
 This would be a *more* lucky hit,
 But that it makes as well for PITT,
 For *He's his Father's Son*.

BY THE SAME.

BRAVE *men* beget brave Sons, 'tis true,
 And so do bulls and horses too;
 A tree is known by its fruits:
 And shall it be of RUSSELLS told,
 That the new stock is worse than th' old?
 They must be *bastard shoots*.

BY THE SAME.

Good *Fathers* get good *Sons*, 'tis said,
From whom then was my Grandfire bred?
For Junius and Dalrymple too,
Prove him to have been a very *Jew*;
Egad, this circumstance is curious,
And my Nobility perhaps is spurious.

Addressed to a great O — TOR, and a great —

THREE thousand pounds to get a seat!
Why, Dick, you're surely mad;
A "*Habeas Corpus*" is your fate,
Get *Cash* for that, my lad!

PORTLAND HOUSE is now to have a new Motto,
from an old Prologue:

"This is the Old *Mag-pie*, and that is—the new
one;
"But in fact, honest Customers, this is—the *new*
one."



